THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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SELECTIONS.

CELIBACY.

Mr. ORLANDO,

By giving the enclosed extract from the 'Citizen of the World' *a place in your paper, you will oblige a friend.* W.

LATELY in company with my friend in black, whose converſation is now both my amuſement and inſtruction, I could not avoid obſerving the great numbers of old bachelors and maiden ladies with which this city ſeems to be over-run. Sure marriage, ſaid I, is not ſufficiently encouraged, or we ſhould never behold ſuch crowds of battered beaux and decayed coquettes, ſtill attempting to drive a trade they have been ſo long unfit for, and ſwarming upon the gaiety of the age. I behold an old bachelor in the moſt contemptible light, as an animal that lives upon the common ſtock without contributing his ſhare: he is a beaſt of prey, and the laws ſhould make uſe of as many ſtratagems, and as much force, to drive the reluctant ſavage into the toils, as the Indians when they hunt the hyæna or the rhinoceros.—The mob ſhould be permitted to halloo after him, boys might play tricks on him with impunity, every well bred company ſhould laugh at him; and if, when turned of ſixty, he offered to make love, his miſtreſs might ſpit in his face, or, what would be perhaps a greater puniſhment, ſhould fairly grant him the favour.

As for old maids, continued I, they ſhould not be treated with ſo much ſeverity, becauſe I ſuppoſe none would be ſo if they could honorably avoid it. No lady, in her ſenſes, would chuſe to make a ſubordinate figure at chriſtenings and lyings in, when ſhe might be the principal herſelf; nor curry favour with a ſiſter-in-law, when ſhe might command an huſband; nor toil in preparing cuſtards, when ſhe might lie a-bed and give directions how they ought to be made; nor ſtifle all her ſenſations in demure formality, when ſhe might with matrimonial freedom, ſhake her acquaintance by the hand, and wink at a double *entendre*. No lady could be ſo very filly as to live ſingle, if ſhe could help it. I conſider an unmarried lady, declining into the vale of years, as one of thoſe charming countries, bordering on China, that lies waſte for want of proper inhabitants. We are not to accuſe the country, but the ignorance of its neighbours, who are inſenſible of its beauties, though at liberty to enter and cultivate the ſoil.

"Indeed, Sir," replied my companion, "you are very little acquainted with the Engliſh ladies, to think they are old maids againſt their will. I dare venture to affirm, that you can hardly ſelect one of them all, but has had frequent offers of marriage, which either pride or avarice has not made her reject. Inſtead of thinking it a diſgrace, they take every occaſion to boaſt of their former cruelty; a ſoldier does not exult more when he counts over the wounds he has received, than a female veteran when ſhe relates the wounds ſhe has formerly given; exhauſtleſs when ſhe begins a narrative of the former death dealing power of her eyes. She tells of the knight in gold lace, who died with a ſingle frown, and never roſe again till—he was married to his maid: Of the ſquire, who being cruelly denied, fell in a rage, flew to the window, and lifting up the ſaſh, threw himſelf in an agony—into his arm-chair: Of the parſon, who, croſſed in love, reſolutely ſwallowed opium, which baniſhed the ſtings of deſpiſed love, by—making him ſleep. In ſhort, ſhe talks over her former loſſes with pleaſure, and, like ſome tradeſmen, finds conſolation in the many bankruptcies ſhe has ſuffered.

"For this reaſon, whenever I ſee a ſuperannuated beauty ſtill unmarried, I tacitly accuſe her either of pride, avarice, coquetry, or affectaton. There is Miſs Jenny Tinderbox, I once remember her to have had ſome beauty and a moderate fortune. Her elder ſiſter happened to marry a man of quality, and this ſeemed as a ſtatute of virginity againſt poor Jane. Becauſe there was one lucky hit in the family, ſhe was reſolved not to diſgrace it by introducing a tradeſman: by thus rejecting her equals, and neglected or deſpiſed by her ſuperiors, ſhe now acts in the capacity of tutoreſs to her ſiſter's children, and undergoes the drudgery of three ſervants, without receiving the wages of one.

"Miſs Squeeze was a pawn-broker's daughter; her father had early taught her, that money was a very good thing, and left her a moderate fortune at his death. She was ſo perfectly ſenſible of the value of what ſhe had got, that ſhe was reſolved never to part with a farthing, without an equality on the part of her ſuitor; ſhe thus refuſed ſeveral offers made her by people who wanted to better themſelves, as the ſaying is; and grew old and ill natured, without ever conſidering that ſhe ſhould have made an abatement in her pretenſions, from her face being pale and marked with the ſmall-pox.

"Lady Betty Tempeſt, on the contrary, had beauty, with fortune and family. But fond of conqueſt, ſhe paſſed from triumph to triumph; ſhe had read plays and romances, and there had learned, that a plain man of common ſenſe was no better than a fool; ſuch ſhe refuſed, and ſighed only for the gay, giddy, inconſtant, and thoughtleſs; after ſhe had thus rejected hundreds who liked her, and ſighed for hundreds who deſpiſed her, ſhe found herſelf inſenſibly deſerted: at preſent ſhe is company only for her aunts and couſins, and ſometimes makes one in a country dance, with one of the chairs for a partner, caſt off round a joint ſtool, and ſets to a corner cupboard. In a word, ſhe is treated with civil contempt from every quarter, and placed, like a piece of old faſhioned lumber, merely to fill up a corner.

"But Sophronia, the ſagacious Sophronia, how ſhall I mention her? She was taught to love Greek, and hate the men from her very infancy: ſhe has rejected fine gentlemen, becauſe they were not pedants, and pedants, becauſe they were not fine gentlemen; her exquiſite ſenſibility has taught her to diſcover every fault in every lover, and her inflexible juſtice has prevented her pardoning them. Thus ſhe rejected ſeveral offers, till the wrinkles of age had overtaken her; and now, without one good feature in her face, ſhe talks inceſſantly of the beauties of the mind."

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

The Mental Powers of Dr. JOHNSON and EDMUND BURKE.

THE characteriſtic power of the mind of Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have been that of viewing every object to which it was directed ſteadily, clearly, and in all its relations. Before his mental eye the colouring ſpread by imagination, and the glare circumfuſed by paſſion faded away, and the elements of things lay naked and bare to his inſpection. It is hence that he always explains fully and decides diſtinctly. Too wiſe as well as too honeſt, he never perplexes with ſophiſtry, nor ever confuſes with what is general and undefined. We are inſtructed, and convinced, and truſt ourſelves confidently to his guidance. From the rectitude of his reaſon and from the rectitude of his moral principles he may claim, perhaps in an higher degree than any other man, the praiſe, to which he aſpired, the praiſe (I quote language beautiful enough to be once more repeated) of having "given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."

The talents of Edmund Burke were of a different order. He ſaw indeed much, but always rapidly and often indiſtinctly. Yet from the wonderful variety of ideas ſpread before his imagination (the prevailing power of his mind) if he could not always explain, he could always illuſtrate; to every object he could produce parallels and on every ſubject, analogies. As an author therefore he ſeldom leads us directly forward with an eye ſteadily fixed on the object of reſearch; his path winds among bloſſoms and fruits and flowers,

by nature boon
Pour'd forth profuſe,

through luxuriant and wild vegetation, where to us bewildered amid variety of beauty, our leader ſometimes ſeems forgetful of his purpoſe and direction. Obſcure it is true, he ſometimes is, "luxuria foliorum exuberat umbra." But it ſeems to be his general character, that where he does not inſtruct he delights, that where he does not convice he perſuades; and if our reaſon be ſometimes reluctant to join him, all our better feelings deſert at once in his favour.

Edmund Burke has been compared to Cicero. For myſelf I can trace little reſemblance between them, except that each was an orator of the higheſt rank, and except too that the author of the "Reflections on the French Revolution" may claim, perhaps with as much juſtice as the Roman Conſul, the title of "ſaviour of his country." The language of

Cicero is far leſs coloured and metaphorical, than that of Burke. As an orator he keeps his ſubject ſteadily in view, and every idea introduced joins the general current and contributes to increaſe its force. Even his egotiſm is made ſubſidiary to his eloquence. As an orator therefore he is ſuperiour to Burke, in imagination perhaps not his equal. More reſemblance it ſeems to me may be traced between the philoſopher of Tuſculum and the author of the Rambler; and I do not diſcern either in ancient or modern times any other parallel, and I almoſt ſaid any other equal, of Dr. Johnſon.

From the Literary Miſcellany.

GOOD MANNERS.

"*Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo.*"

VIRTUE and good manners are twin ſiſters, ſo familiar, that they mutually borrow and lend their charms; ſo tenderly attached to each other, that they cannot endure ſeparation. Yet ſuch is the outrageous folly of mankind, that they frequently attempt to part what nature has joined. The villain is too often a courtier, and the upright a clown. The former endeavors to pleaſe, while the latter ſeems anxious to diſguſt.

As truth is the foundation of virtue, ſo decency is the ground of good manners. Different ſituations in life may call into exerciſe different virtues. All are obliged to abſtain from evil. In like manner, while peculiar modes and ceremonies are becoming in ſome ranks of ſociety, certain general laws of decorum muſt be obſerved by all, who would not be claſſed among ſavages. Decency forbids a perſon in company to indulge himſelf in manners, that may give reaſonable offence to any preſent.

Deſire of influence is natural to the human breaſt. It is common to the good and the bad. The one deſires it for his own ſake, the other for the glory of God and the happineſs of men.

Among the many properties and circumſtances, that give weight and influence to character, are theſe; birth, reſpectable connexions, wealth, public virtues, talents, education, profeſſion, and pleaſing manners. The laſt is by no means the leaſt.

Eaſy and graceful behavior is hardly to be expected in the lower orders of ſociety. Thoſe, who ſubſiſt by continual and ſevere labor, have but litttle opportunity for poliſhing their manners. A winning addreſs is above their ambition, if not beyond their reach. But in the higher claſs, which in this country conſiſts of the affluent and the learned, we might hope for general refinement; we might hope, that thoſe civilities, which flow from a juſt reſpect for one's companions, and which, though ſmall in themſelves, have a moſt happy effect on ſociety, would be neglected by none. But negligence is almoſt characteriſtic of ſcholars, and negligence is the parent of ill manners. Hence we ſometimes ſee actions in the parlor, that would diſgrace the kitchen; not mere defects in politeneſs, but in decency.

Nothing raiſes a character more ſuddenly, than a good education. Seven years, paſſed at the public ſchools, are ſeven ſteps of a ladder, by which a youth may paſs from the loweſt to the higheſt grade of ſociety. We could not expect, that a perſon, thus elevated, would carry much refinement with him. But we might hope he would looſe his roughneſs, and acquire a good degree of poliſh. It is aſtoniſhing, that for a long courſe of years he ſhould continue unimproved under the higheſt ſocial advantages. Yet, if we may believe our eyes, this is not a rare caſe. It is hard for the "Ethiopian to change his ſkin," or the clown his ſlovenly habits. The man at fifty ſhows the education of the boy at ten.

Theſe animadverſions I would make with every poſſible exception, as to the objects of them. Many unite the gentlemen with the ſcholar. Theſe cultivate good manners without fear of loſing the reputation of genius or learning. Some, whoſe early education has been very unfavorable, have, by careful obſervation and ſteady perſevereance, riſen to a high degree of refinement and politeneſs; and have rendered themſelves objects not only of eſteem, but of univerſal complacency.

Virtue commendeth to God; good manners to men. Could we ſee the heart, externals would be little regarded. But now the ſerpent charms among roſes. Politeneſs is the moſt powerful abettor of vice. Why may ſhe not be ſtill more influential in a worthy cauſe? The union of learning, religion, and good manners, gives irreſiſtible ſway. None will dare to withſtand, but thoſe, who are in open war with reaſon and modeſty.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Freedom neceſſary for literary Improvement.

LONG have the advantages of ſcience been the theme of diſtinguiſhed writers.—From the origin of civil ſociety, the greateſt geniuſes have been the captives of its charms, engaged to portray its beauties, and evince its uſefulneſs. On the pages of ancient and modern hiſtory are enrolled the moſt illuſtrious characters, whoſe improvements in ſcience, and whoſe exertions to extend its happy influence, are remembered by the friends of humanity, with ſentiments of eſteem, and ſenſations of pleaſure.

If ſo great, then, are the benefits reſulting from the cultivation of ſcience, it muſt be highly important to know the moſt eſſential requiſites for its advancement.

When we review its progreſs from the eſtabliſhment of the Aſiatic kingdoms by the poſterity of Noah, and obſerve with what ardor it has been cheriſhed by a few nations, with what cold indifference it has met from ſome, and with what contempt it has been rejected by others, we are ſafely led to the concluſion, that difference of civil government has been the principal cauſe of its various ſucceſs.—In no nation can ſcience be expected to flouriſh, unleſs the rights of man be well underſtood, and ſtrictly regarded.—In arbitrary governments, where forming an opinion of natural rights is, in the people, conſidered a crime; where the deſpot is to be revered as the fountain of knowledge and honor; in governments where offices of profit and truſt are not alike open to all, whoſe literary acquirements and zeal for the public intereſt entitle them to the ſtation, their condition cannot be expected to receive a favorable change from the influeuce of ſcience.—To evince the neceſſity of freedom for the advancement of ſcience, let us conſider the literary ſtate of the moſt diſtinguiſhed nations of antiquity, and compare their improvements, with thoſe of the moderns.

Turning back the pages of hiſtory, we firſt notice Egypt, which delighted in being called the repoſitory of ſcience, the birth-place of genius, and the literary 'Metropolis of the World.'—But great is our aſtoniſhment when we find all their boaſted acquiſitions in ſcience, all thoſe mental improvements, by which they fancied themſelves diſtinguiſhed from the world, to be confined to a bigoted clergy, men contracted and ſuperſtitious, blending ſcience with the enthuſiaſtic notions of pagan idolatry.—To know the will of their ſovereign and their obligation to ſubſerve his pleaſure, were the only requiſites of ſubjects.—To aſpire at literary eminence was deemed rebellion.—To be content with ignorance was accounted a virtue.

Finding ſcience in the Eaſt ſo far ſuppreſſed by the craft of inſulting tyrants and the cunning of conceited prieſts, the hiſtorian, fatigued and diſguſted, traces it to the European world, where he finds a country more favorable for its reception.—The Athenians, as if impatient at ſeeing the beauties of ſcience, concealed by the clouds of Egyptian ignorance, after obtaining the rudiments in that country, after eſtabliſhing a form of government adapted to their genius and character, ſo applied themſelves to the ſtudy of the liberal arts and ſciences, as ſoon to obtain by right the applauſe, which their neighbors had ſo long unjuſtly received from an ignorant world. The nature of their government is doubtleſs too well underſtood to need an explanation. Offices of ſtate were offered as rewards to all citizens, whoſe learning, enterprize and patriotiſm could recommend them to public notice. Here ſcience ſeemed to be local, for a time, and extenſively diffuſe its influence.—While the court of the Perſian monarchs was celebrated for riches and magnificence, the Republic of Athens was equally famous as the ſeat of ſcience, polite literature, and the uſeful arts.

The obvious contraſt between the literary ſtates of theſe countries evidently ſhews the effects of government on the progreſs of ſcience. But let us compare this, and the Roman government with others more perfect, and a greater contraſt will appear, ſhowing more clearly the ſuperiority of a free government over that, which is deſpotic.

(To be continued.) CINCINNATUS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

From the LITERARY WORKSHOP.—*No.* 3.

MR. ORLANDO,

You mentioned in the laſt Tablet that No. 3, *from The Literary Workſhop was loſt. It is not in our power to furniſh another exactly ſimilar; for we have ſpoiled the mould in which that was run. We have however from old materials produced a new article which you may hand to the public thro' the medium of the next Tablet.*

BIOGRAPHY OF BOERHAAVE.

THIS celebrated phyſician, and chriſtian, was born 1668, in a ſmall village near Leyden, in Holland. At the age of 16, he was left without parents, protection or property.—He had before this time, paid ſome attention to theology, with the deſign of devoting himſelf to a clerical employment; but the ſcience of nature now attracted his inquiſitive mind. It is remarkable that this man, who became an oracle in his profeſſion, an ornament to religion, and who was worth, at his death, 200,000 pounds, was now obliged to labor for the neceſſaries of life. No ſooner was he made doc-

tor of phyſic, and began to practice, than his merits were diſcovered, and he was patronized by a number of powerful friends, who procured for him three important employments: viz. Profeſſor of medicine in the univerſity of Leyden; Profeſſor of chemiſtry, and Profeſſor of botany.

He was a member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and the Royal Society at London, to both of which he communicated his chemical diſcoveries. Leyden, for the ſcience of medicine and botany, became the ſchool of Europe. His renown reached even to China. A mandarine wrote to him with this inſcription, "To the illuſtrious Boerhaave, phyſician in Europe." Peter the Great, while reſiding in Holland to acquire a knowledge of maritime affairs, attended his lectures. Perhaps no phyſician, ſince Hippocrates, has more juſtly merited the eſteem and gratitude of mankind than Boerhaave. To a great genius he added the nobleſt qualities of the heart. His appearance was ſimple and venerable.—He taught methodically, was an eloquent orator, and declaimed with much eaſe and dignity. His hearers were never tired, but always regretted when his diſcourſes came to a cloſe.—He ſometimes enlivened his ſubject with a turn of refined raillery, but would never carry it to exceſs. "Decent mirth," he uſed to ſay "is the ſalt of life."

It was Boerhaave's daily practice to riſe early in the morning and ſpend an hour in private prayer and meditation on ſome part of the bible. His friends wondered how he could endure all his fatigue. This religious exerciſe, he ſaid, gave him vigour in performing the buſineſs of the day. *This*, therefore, he recommended to his friends as the beſt rule he could give them. "Nothing," he ſaid, "tended more to the health of the body, than the tranquility of the mind; and he knew nothing which could ſupport him, or his fellow-creatures, amidſt the diſtreſſes of life, but a well-grounded confidence in the Supreme Being upon the principles of chriſtianity." This he ſtrongly exemplified. In 1762, he was five months confined to his bed with the gout, where he lay on his back, without attempting the leaſt motion; for any effort renewed his torments, which were ſo great, that at length he was deprived of ſenſe as well as motion He however recovered a little in the ſixth month, &, by the uſe of an uncommon medicine, was gradually reſtored to health. His patience during his illneſs was wonderful. It was not grounded on ſtoic reaſoning, but on a religious calmneſs of mind, and a perfect reſignation to the will of God.

Though his knowledge of medicine was great, he never boaſted of his abilities, or riches, but was familiar with all, and diligent in his profeſſion. He frequently remarked "that the life of a patient, if trifled with, or neglected, would be required at the hand of the phyſician." The poor he called his *beſt patients*, for God, he ſaid, was their paymaſter. He was always cheerful and fond of promoting uſeful converſation. He often aſſerted the divine authority of the Scriptures, and maintained, that they only could give that ſacred peace of mind, which paſſes all underſtanding; that peace, which none can conceive, but he who has it, and none can have it, but by divine communication. He never regarded, or attempted to confute the calumnies of his enemies. "They are ſparks," he ſaid, which, if you do not blow, will go out themſelves. He was once aſked if he had ever been angry. He anſwered that he was naturally very paſſionate, but by daily prayer and meditation, he had gained a maſtery over himſelf. In 1737, he was attacked by a diſorder, which, terminating in a dropſy brought him to the grave. During his lingering illneſs he maintained his uſual firmneſs, and did not neglect the neceſſary cares of life, or proper preparation for death. He was reſigned in his affliction, and often ſaid, "He who loves God ought to think nothing deſirable but what is moſt pleaſing to the ſupreme goodneſs." He ſaw death approaching, but felt no alarm. He daily grew more cheerful and leſs ſenſible of his tormenting pains, till the 23d of September, 1738, when, with the greateſt compoſure of mind, and rejoicing that he ſhould ſoon be with Chriſt, he bade adieu to his friends and the world. The city of Leyden erected a monument to his memory.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thoſe, who are indebted for the ſecond or third volume of the Tablet, are requeſted to make immediate payment.

Oil of Olives, commonly called Sweet Oil.

This ſalutary medicine no family ought ever to be without. While perfectly harmleſs, it is extremely powerful in its effects. In burns or ſcalds, it is unequalled. Bathing the wounds often with it, and binding on a rag moiſtened with it, will very ſoon and certainly effect a cure. There are few if any more potent antidotes to poiſon. In caſes of bites by ſnakes or mad dogs, bathing the wounds continually with it, and taking ſome occaſionally internally, has never been known to fail to cure the perſon ſo bitten. [*Troy Gaz.*

FROM 'THE ART OF PUNNING.'

Q. Who was the firſt drawer?
A. Potifer.
Q. Where did the firſt Hermophradites come from?
A. Middle-ſex.
Q. What part of England has the moſt dogs?
A. Barkſhire.
Q. What men are the beſt ſoldiers?
A. Red haired men; becauſe they always carry their *fire-locks* upon their ſhoulders.
Q. Why are Preſbyterians, Quakers, &c. called vermin?
A. Becauſe they are *in ſects*.
Q. Why are horſes with greaſe in their heels the beſt racers?
A. Becauſe their heels are given to running.

The Plagues of a Family.

A peeviſh huſband. A ſcolding wife. An unprincipled father. A fickle mother. Diſobedient children.—Brandy and Tobacco.

VIRGIL.

Mr. Burton has remarked, that the faults of Virgil are like the blemiſhes of a fixed ſtar: if they exiſt, they are beyond the reach of human obſervation. *Anthology.*

ORDAINED,

At Middlebury, (Ver.) Rev. Thomas A. Merrill.——In Boſton, Rev. Charles Lowell, over the Weſt Church and Society in that town.—At Bath, (D. M.) Rev. Wm. Jenks.

THE COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

Oh! bleſt religion! heavenly fair!
Thy kind, thy healing power,
Can ſweeten pain, and ſoften care
And gild each gloomy hour.

When diſmal thoughts, and boding fears,
The trembling heart invade;
And all the face of nature wears
An univerſal ſhade;

Thy ſacred dictates can aſſuage
The tempeſt of the ſoul;
And every fear ſhall looſe its rage
At thy divine controul.

Thro' life's bewilder'd darkſome way
Thy hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path thy heavenly ray
A cheering luſtre ſheds.

When feeble reaſon, tried and blind,
Sinks helpleſs and afraid;
Thou *beſt* ſupporter of the mind,
How powerful is thy aid!

Oh! let my heart confeſs thy power,
And find thy ſweet relief;
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And ſoften every grief!

If any gentlemen, who hold ſubſcription papers for The Literary Tablet, have encloſed ſubſcribers' names in letters directed to us, and have not received The Tablet, they may be aſſured their letters have never reached us. We are apprehenſive there has been ſome failure in the conveyance of letters from our diſtant patrons.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

An Extract intitled 'The Tears of Science' ſhall be inſerted in the next number of The Tablet.

Cincinnatus we are happy to rank among our moſt elegant, and punctual correſpondents. The aſſiſtance he has, in various ways, afforded us, will ever entitle him to our ſincereſt acknowledgments. His *friend* will pleaſe to accept our thanks for his remarks on 'Studying the Claſſics.'

We wiſh '*Tom Tinker*' would *tinker* up ſomething more for the Thblet.

LEANDER's poem '*To my Bible*' is gratefully received, and ſhall be printed in our next No. We hope this writer will pardon our not giving earlier publicity to his production. The Editor has been abſent from this place ſeveral weeks, during which, Leander's communication, with ſome others, remained unopened.

MARRIED,

At Lime, N. H. Mr. Abel Kent, jun. to Miſs Joanna Shaw, daughter of Col. Dan Shaw.

DIED,

In Virginia, Col. William Davis, formerly Collector at Norfolk.

At Portſmouth, Iſaac Rindge, Eſq. aged 70.

In this place, on Thurſday, January 2d, Mr. *Eliphalet Hardy*, ſon of Mr. Daniel Hardy, of Pelham, (N. H.) and member of the Junior Claſs in Darthmouth College, aged 19.

Deaths in Orford, in 1805.—Six adults and 10 children. In 35 years, 267—70 of whom were adults.

SELECTED POETRY.

AD AMICOS—BY R. WEST.

YES, happy youths, on Camus' ſedgy ſide,
You feel each joy that friendſhip can divide ;
Each realm of ſcience and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raiſe the genius, or the heart to mend ;
Now pleas'd along the cloiſter'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where ſocial oft, and oft alone, ye chooſe
To catch the zephyr, and to court the Muſe.
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
Theſe lines give back the image of my heart,)
At me the pow'r that comes or ſoon or late,
Or aims, or ſeems to aim, the dart of fate.
From you remote, methinks, alone I ſtand,
Like ſome ſad exile in a deſert land ;
Around no friends, their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth—and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or thoſe which fancy raiſe,
For ever blot the ſunſhine of my days ;
To ſickneſs ſtill, and ſtill to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her roſy face away.
Juſt Heav'n !—what ſin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb ?
Did e'er this hand againſt a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife ?
Did e'er this tongue the ſland'rer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name ?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know ?
As yet juſt ſtarted from the liſts of time,
My growing years have ſcarcely told their prime ;
Uſeleſs, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleaſures taſted, and few duties done.
Ah, who, ere autumn's mellowing ſuns appear,
Would pluck the promiſe of the vernal year ;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluſter from the mourning ſpray ?
Stern power of Fate, whoſe ebon ſceptre rules
The Stygian deſerts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor raſhly ſmite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart !
Ah, ſtay till age ſhall blaſt my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace ;
Then aim the ſhaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing ſhade ſhall go.
How weak is man to Reaſon's judging eye !
Born in this moment, in the next we die ;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aſpire.
In vain our plans of happineſs we raiſe,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praiſe ;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conqueſts, or a throne,
Are what the wiſe would fear to call their own.
Health is at beſt a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing :
'Tis like the ſtream, beſide whoſe wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head ;
Nurs'd by the wave, the ſpreading branches riſe,
Shade all the ground, and flouriſh to the ſkies :
The waves the while beneath in ſecret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below :
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his fooliſh pride,
And ſinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.
But why repine ? Does life deſerve my ſigh ?
Few will lament my loſs whene'er I die.
For thoſe, the wretches I deſpiſe or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all conquering Death ſhall ſpread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not : though this face be ſeen no more,
The world will paſs as cheerful as before ;
Bright as before the day-ſtar will appear,
The field as verdant, and the ſkies as clear :
Nor ſtorms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor ſigns on earth, nor portents in the air ;
Unknown and ſilent, will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet ſome there are (ere ſpent my vital days)
Within whoſe breaſts my tomb I wiſh to raiſe :
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praiſe would crown me, as their precepts mend :
To them may theſe fond lines my name endear,
Not from the Poet, but the Friend ſincere !

TO HIS COY LOVE,

A CANZONET—By DRAYTON.

I pray thee love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that ſaint adore,
That can, but will not ſave me :
Theſe poor half kiſſes kill me quite ;
Was ever man thus ſerved ?
Amidſt an ocean of delight,
For pleaſure to be ſtarved.

Shew me no more thoſe ſnowy breaſts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilſt mine eye with plenty feaſts
Yet is my thirſt not ſtanched.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented ;
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in thoſe dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me ;
O, theſe are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthral me.
But ſee how patient I am grown,
In all this coyle about thee ;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

SONG—*By Sir John Suckling.*

I prythee ſend me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine ;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then ſhouldſt thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For thou'ſt a thief in either eye
Would ſteal it back again,

Why ſhould two hearts in one breaſt lie,
And yet not lodge together ?
Oh Love ! where is our ſympathy,
If thus our breaſts thou ſever ?

But love is ſuch a myſtery
I cannot find it out :
For when I think I'm beſt reſolv'd,
I then am in moſt doubt.

Then farewell care, and farwell woe,
I will no longer pine :
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as ſhe has mine.

SONG,

Written for the New-England Society of the State of New-York ; and ſung on the 21ſt December, 1805, at the celebration of the 185th Anniverſary of the firſt Landing of the Coloniſts in Plymouth.

Tune—Anacreon in Heaven.

WHILE round the full board, in feſtivity's glee,
The Sons of New England all joyous aſſemble ;
Let us ſwear to live ever united and free,
That our friends may rejoice, and our enemies tremble—
For friendſhip, careſt
In each patriot breaſt,
Shall ſweeten enjoyment—give pleaſure its zeſt ;
And the Virtues approving, ſhall ſanction the plan
Which ſtrengthens the empire, and dignifies man.

This day did our fathers, on Plymouths bleak coaſt,
The corner ſtone place of an empire's foundation ;
The manſion of Freedom—of Patriots the boaſt—
The nurs'ry of Heroes—the world's admiration !
From them while we trace
Our illuſtrious race,
Their merits from mem'ry may Time ne'er deface ;
While the Virtues approving ſhall ſanction the plan
Which ſtrengthens the empire, and dignifies man.

Ye Sages and Patriots, whom Liberty fir'd,
The great Architects of American glory—
Whoſe names and achievments for ages admir'd,
Shall be burniſh'd by Bards, and be blaz-on'd in ſtory :—
To us, ſainted Sires,
Impart your own fires,
When Freedom commands, and when Glory inſpires ;
While ſeraphs approving, new triumphs ſhall plan ;
And New-England Heroes lead Victory's van.

A Prayer, under the preſſure of violent Anguiſh.

BY BURNS.

O Thou great Being ! what Thou art,
Surpaſſes me to know :
Yet ſure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee ſtands,
All wretched and diſtreſt ;
Yet ſure thoſe ills that wring my ſoul
Obey Thy high beheſt.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canſt not act
From cruelty or wrath !
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or cloſe them faſt in death !

But if I muſt afflicted be,
To ſuit ſome wiſe deſign ;
Then, man my ſoul with firm reſolves
To bear and not repine !

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEDNESDAY,
BY M. DAVIS.